



Mark Levine tried to fuck me when I was only eight. He was seventeen. Ugly creep. Slimy rodent. I've only recently remembered this. You're one of the first people I'm telling.

The Levines lived on my street. Lois, Mark's younger sister, was emotionless and distant, like she resided on the bottom of the ocean. But at that age, for some crazy reason, I guess I wanted friends. I'd go over to Lois's house after school, mostly to get away from my dismal home life. My parents nagged and drove me batty with constant questions. I'd escape over to the Levine house and play Scrabble with Lois.

The Levine house was dull. Mark was dull. Sick people are always dull. Mark was tall, nerdy, and wore glasses—your basic Brooklyn yeshiva wimp. Apart from those primary features, there was nothing that stood out about him. Nothing. He was obscenely ordinary, a regular guy. He barely ever acknowledged me or spoke to me.

One afternoon was different. I guess Mark had a hard-on pressing tightly against his polyester pants. He finally noticed me.

I was minding my own business—quietly playing—when Mark appeared out of

nowhere and instructed me to follow him into Lois's bedroom. I figured we were looking for something. But I was the "something" Mark wanted to see. He told me to lie down on his sister's bed. I was naive. I obeyed. He climbed on top of me. He was much bigger than me. It was hard to breathe. He gave no explanation. All he said was, "Close your eyes."

The room was tense. Quiet. Just me, Mark, and all of Lois's dolls. Mark placed his scummy, clammy, wet mouth over mine. I didn't know what was going on. I thought it must be some kind of game. I never considered Mark my friend. Now he was being a little *too* friendly. He applied his bony hand to my flat chest. Mark acted like

he wasn't sure of what he was doing or where this was headed.

Mark was hideous. With a face like his, I'm sure he didn't pull in too many chicks his own age. I was probably the best he



could get. I was his toy. His guinea pig. His chemistry set.

Mark was silent. His bedside manner was colder than a surgeon's. It was as if he was brushing his teeth. His sexual approach was as boring as his beige sweater.

At the time, I didn't understand what Mark was doing. I was in the third grade and knew nothing about sex. Nobody ever

bothered to tell me anything. But the further Mark went, the more I sensed it was wrong. Somehow I broke loose from his sweaty grip and bolted out of Lois's bedroom.

I didn't tell anyone. I tried to pretend everything was normal. No one would have believed me anyhow, ESPECIALLY my family. They'd say I made everything up. They'd twist the story and say I asked for it. They'd say I had an overactive imagination. They'd tell me to shut up. They'd scream at me, my mother in the left ear, my father in the right. They'd tell me that I said something "naughty" and then pour pepper on my tongue. My father would have taken his belt off from his pudgy waist and whipped my ass. And he would have enjoyed every welt he raised.

I bottled the guilt inside of me. I wanted everything to go OK, to fit into my parents' warped scheme of life. Other persons' perversions became secrets. So I took the blame.

Time passed in my neighborhood. I'd turn the corner and see Mark. A cold, creepy wave would sweep over me. I couldn't look in his eyes. No more hellos were given. I felt frustrated, pinned down. But I told no one.

Who knows how far the cockroach might have gone if I hadn't struggled against his advances? What if he split my lip and tore open my cunt down to the asshole? What if he threatened to kill me if I ever told anybody? What if he grabbed me by the hair and forced my little-girl mouth onto his dick? I don't know. Something inside of me knew to stop him.

I would never choose Mark Levine for a sexual partner. Mark, such a boring name. A mark. A dot. A blotch. Mark, such a bloated sperm kernel.

It's a world full of Mark Levines. They're not going away. They're all over the streets. They're coming at me. Wherever I go, walking cum-sacs accost me. Brainless, deformed losers throw themselves at me. Ugly, fat, hairy, smelly douchebags come right up to my face and ask me how I'm feeling. I'm feeling like ending your life.

You got a dick? Stay away. I'll slice off your balls. I'll blast them right through your legs with one quick bullet. You're hiding out there. You're waiting for me. But I'm ready.

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These thugs take it upon themselves to fuck with me because I'm female. They stare at me with their distorted faces. They eye me up and down. I get the chills. I feel my heart pounding. I can't look into their eyes. They're able to fuck me with their eyes alone.

Deranged male-monsters approach. Again and again and again and again and again and again. I grimace, trying to look more insane than they do, hoping that this will keep them away. But they only come closer. They can tell that I hate them, so they try to fuck with me. They try to get eye contact going. When that doesn't work, they frantically wave their arms. They whistle at me. They scream hello at me. They shout suggestions. They grab their balls defiantly. They ask me how long it's been since I last got laid. They take it upon themselves to rate my looks. They tell me that I'd be the perfect beauty if only my eyes were green, not brown. Or if my butt were bigger. They make comments about my clothes. I'm going to sew up their mouths.

rocks up my cunt, and tear off my tits with their teeth. They want to use me. They want me to suck the crust off their dirty, smelly dicks. They want to shoot their diseased sperm—which contains AIDS and trace elements of crack—into my eyes. They want to wipe their cum all over my face. They want to kick me. They want to leave me in an alleyway, beaten up like a used Raggedy Ann doll. They want to pour gasoline all over my body and toss a lighted match on me.

They hate my cunt, yet they need to get at it. They hate their own dicks, but they'd kill to cum. They want to fuck me so badly, they don't care if I'm already dead. To them, I'm merely a wet hole. It doesn't matter if I'm deceased. They'll spit on their dicks and press onward.

A middle-aged male sees me walking. He stops his car in the middle of the road. He's bald and wears gold chains on his hairy chest. He stares and smiles. He's missing some teeth. Get lost! I'm not



He nods yes. Looks like a foreigner. He must think "getting Maced" means getting blown. He wiggles his eyebrows. I walk away. He's too easy a target.

I walk up to a pay phone. Some slime yells at me that he can tell I'm not wearing a bra. He continues staring. Another slug pinches my ass. I give him a dirty look. He walks away, laughing to his clone buddy. I remember his face. I'll get even.

I go to work. My boss tells me he hired me because I had the best set of tits. Then he reaches for a quick feel. I know where he lives. I'll get even.

It's late. Dark. My car is stopped at a red light. Some psycho with a hammer walks up and smashes my window. He stares in through the broken glass with his empty, bloody eyes. Trembling, I step on the gas and floor it. He chases me for half a block, then drops his hands and stops in the center of the street.

It's Mark Levine all over again, whatever the guy's name. A dick with legs. Following me. Always on my tail. Trying to fuck me. Trying to hurt me. Trying to kill my soul. Trying to break my spirit.

They've tried to fuck me one too many times. I stop the car. I pop the trunk, where I keep my riot pump. I make a U-turn. Six shiny red shotgun shells. Hello, Mark. Remember me? I've missed you terribly. ■



I read their minds. It's pornographic. They want to fuck me. They want to hurt me. They want to rape me. They want to fuck my ass. They want to beat my brains in, bloody my nose, slash my throat, stick

interested! You've got to be kidding! But apparently, he wants me to hop aboard. My skirt's two inches above my knees. I suppose this waxes his surfboard. "Do you want to get Maced?" I threaten.

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